

A
WINTER-PIECE,
AND A
DESCANT ON CREATION :
BEING A
SUPPLEMENT
TO THE
Meditations, Contemplations, &c.

By JAMES HERVEY, A. B.
Late of *Lincoln-College, Oxford.*

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BY J. M. W. & S. J. W.

OF THE

OF A. H. & S. J. W.

OF THE

A
WINTER-PIECE.

*Storms and Tempests may calm the Soul
——— Snow and Ice be taught to warm
the Heart, and praise the Creator.*

Anonym. Lett. to the Author. See p. 260.

WINTER-PIECE.

When and whence may come the snow
—
—
the heart, and bring the winter.
—
—

THE CONTENTS.

Introduction—Shortness of the Winter's
Day—Incessant Rain, producing a Flood
—Tempest, it's Effects, at Land, by Sea
—Pitchy Darknes, riding in it—Thick
Rime—Keen Frost, and Serenity of Weather
—Severe Cold, and piercing Winds—Deep
Snow—General Thaw—Ever-Greens—
Storm of Hail—Rainbow.

WINTER-PIECE.

'T IS true, in the delightful Seasons, HIS Tenderness, and HIS Love, are most eminently displayed.—In the *vernal* Months, all is Beauty to the Eye, and Music to the Ear. The Clouds drop Fatness; the Air softens into Balm; and Flowers, in rich Abundance, spring where-ever we tread, bloom where-ever we look.—Amidst the burning Heats of *Summer*, HE expands the Leaves, and thickens the Shades: He spreads the cooling Arbour, to receive Us; and awakes the gentle Breeze, to fan Us; the Moss swells into a Couch, for the Repose of our Bodies; while the Rivulet softly rolls, and sweetly murmurs, to sooth our Imagination.—In *Autumn*, HIS Bounty covers the Fields, with a Profusion of yellow Treasure; and bends the Boughs, with Loads of delicious Fruit. He furnishes his hospitable Table with present Plenty, and prepares a copious Magazine for future Wants.—But, is it only in these smiling Periods of the Year, that GOD, the all gracious GOD, is seen? Has *Winter* no Tokens of his Presence? Is not Winter eloquent of his Praise? Yes: “His Way is in the Whirlwind.” Storms and Tempests fulfil his Word, and extol his Power. Even piercing Frosts, bear Witness to his Goodness; while they bid the shivering Nations, tremble at his Wrath.—Be Winter then, for a while, our

Theme *. Perhaps, those *barren* Scenes, may be *fruitful* of intellectual Improvement. Perhaps, that chilling Cold, which binds the Earth in icy Chains; may serve to enlarge our Hearts, and warm them with holy Love.

SEE! how the *Day* is *shortened*!—The Sun, detained in fairer Climes, or engaged in more agreeable Services, rises, like an unwilling Visitant, with tardy and reluctant Steps. He walks, with a shy Indifference, along the Edges of the southern Sky; casting an oblique Glance, He just looks upon our dejected World; and scarcely scatters Light through the thick Air. Dim is his Appearance, languid are his Gleams, while He continues. Or, if he chance to wear a brighter Aspect, and a cloudless Brow; yet, like the Young and Gay in the House of Mourning, He seems uneasy, till he is gone; is in Haste to depart.—And let Him depart. Why should we wish for his longer Stay; since He can shew Us nothing, but Spectacles of Woe? The flowery World lies dead, and the tuneful Tribes are struck dumb. The Trees, stript of their Verdure, and lashed by Storms, spread their naked Arms to the enraged and relentless Heavens. Fragrance no longer floats in the Air, but chilling Damps hover, or cutting Gales blow. Nature, divested of all her beautiful Robes, sits, like a forlorn disconsolate Widow, in her Weeds.

While

* A Sketch of this Nature, I must acknowledge, is quite different from the Subject of the Book; and, I cannot but declare, was as far distant from the Thoughts of the Author. But, the Desire of *several* Acquaintance, together with an Intimation of it's Usefulness, by a very *polite* Letter from an *unknown* Hand (which has *undesignedly* furnished me with the best Motto, I could recollect), prevailed with me to add a few descriptive Touches, and improving Hints, on what is so often experienced in these northern Regions. I hope, the Attempt I have made to oblige these Gentlemen, will obtain the *Approbation*, or, at least, the *Excuse*, of my other Readers.

A WINTER-PIECE.

9

While Winds, in doleful Accents, howl; and Rains,
in repeated Showers, weep.

WE regret not, therefore, the speedy Departure
of the Day. When the Room is hung with *funeral*
Black, and dismal Objects are all around; who
would wish to have the *glimmering Taper* kept alive:
which can only discover Scenes of Sorrow; only
make the Horror visible?—And, since this mortal
Life is little better than a continual Conflict with
Sin, or an unremitted Struggle with Misery; is it
not a *gracious* Ordination, which has reduced our
Age to a *Span*? Fourscore Years of Trial, for the
Virtuous, are sufficiently long; and more than such
a Term, allowed to the Wicked, would render
them beyond all Measure vile. Our Way to the
Kingdom of Heaven, lies through Tribulations;
shall we then accuse, shall we not rather bless, the
Providence, which has made the Passage short? Soon,
soon we cross the Vale of Tears; and then arrive on
the happy Hills, where Light for ever shines, where
Joy for ever smiles.

SOMETIMES, the Day is rendered shorter still;
is almost blotted out from the Year. The Vapours
gather; they thicken into an impenetrable Gloom;
and obscure the Face of the Sky. At length, the
Rains descend; the Sluices of the Firmament are
opened; and the low-hung Clouds pour their con-
gregated Stores. Copious and un-intermitted, still
they pour; and still are un-exhausted. The Wa-
ters drop incessantly from the Eaves, and rush in
rapid Streams from the Spouts. They roar along
the channelled Pavements, and stand in foul Shallows
amidst the Village-Streets. Now, if the inattentive
Eye, or negligent Hand, has left the Roof but scan-
tily covered; the insinuating Element finds it's Way
into every Flaw, and, oozing through the Ceiling,
at once upbraids and chastises the careless Inhabitant.
The Ploughman, soaked to the Skin, leaves his half-

till'd Acre. The poor Poultry, dripping with Wet, crowd into Shelter. The Tenants of the Bough fold up their Wings, afraid to launch into the streaming Air. The Beasts, joyless and dispirited, ruminate under their Sheds. The Roads swim, and the Brooks swell.—The *River*, amidst all this watery Ferment, long contained itself within it's appointed Bounds. But, swollen by innumerable Currents, and roused, at last, into uncontrollable Rage, bursts over it's Banks; shoots into the Plain; bears down all Opposition; spreads itself far and wide; and buries the Meadow under a brown, sluggish, soaking *Deluge*.

How fortunate for Man, that this Inundation comes, when there are no flowery Crops in the Valley, to be overwhelmed; no Fields standing thick with Corn, to be laid waste! At *such* a Juncture, it would have been *Ruin* to the Husbandman and his Family: but, *thus* timed, it yields *Manure* for his Ground, and promises Him *Riches* in Reversion.—How often, and how long, has the divine Majesty bore with the most injurious Affronts from Sinners! His Goodness triumphed over their Perverseness, and graciously refused to be exasperated. But Oh! presumptuous Creatures, multiply no longer your Provocations. Urge not, by repeated Iniquities, the Almighty Arm to strike; least his Long-suffering cease, and his fierce Anger break forth; break forth, like a *Flood of Waters**, and sweep you away, into irrecoverable and everlasting Perdition.

How mighty! how majestic! and O, how mysterious, are thy Works, thou GOD of Heaven, and LORD of Nature! When the Air is calm, where sleep the *stormy Winds*? in what Chambers are they reposed, or in what Dungeons confined? Till Thou art pleased to awaken thy Rage, and throw open their Prison-Doors: Then, with irresistible Impetu-
osity

* Hos. v. 10.

osity they fly forth, scattering Dread, and menacing Destruction.

THE whole Atmosphere is hurled into the most tumultuous Confusion. The aerial Torrent bursts it's Way over Mountains, Seas and Continents. All Things feel the dreadful Shock. All Things tremble before the furious Blast. The *Forest*, vexed and tore, groans under the Scourge: her sturdy Sons are strained to the very Root, and almost kiss the Soil, they were wont to shade. The stubborn Oak, that disdains to bend, is dashed headlong to the Ground; and, with shattered Arms, with prostrate Trunk, blocks the Road.——While the flexile Reed, that springs up in the Marsh, yielding to the Gust (as the *meek* and pliant Temper, to Injuries; or the *resigned* and patient Spirit, to Misfortunes); eludes the Force of the Storm, and survives amidst the wide-spread Havock.

For a Moment, the turbulent and outrageous Sky, seems to be asswaged: but, it intermits it's Wrath, only to increase it's Strength. Soon, the sounding Squadrons of the Air return to the Attack, and renew their Ravages with redoubled Fury. The stately Doom rocks, amidst the wheeling Clouds. The impregnable Tower totters on it's Basis; and threatens to overwhelm, whom it was intended to protect. The ragged Rock is rent in Pieces*; and even the Hills, the perpetual Hills, on their deep Foundations, are scarcely secure.——Where, now, is the Place of Safety? When the *City* reels, and Houses become Heaps! Sleep affrighted flies. Diversion is turned into Horror. All is Uproar in the Element; all is Consternation among Mortals; and nothing, but one wide Scene of rueful Devastation, through the Land.—Yet, this is only an inferior Minister of divine Displeasure. The Executioner of milder Indignation. How then—O, how

B 5

will

* 1 Kings xix. 11.

will the lofty Looks of Man be humbled, and the Haughtiness of Men be bowed down * ; when the LORD GOD omnipotent shall meditate Terror---- when He shall set *all* his Terrors in Array——when He arises, to judge the Nations, and to *shake terribly* the Earth!

THE *Ocean* swells with tremendous Commotions. The ponderous Waves are heaved from their capacious Bed, and almost lay bare the unfathomable Deep. Flung into the most rapid Agitation, they sweep over the Rocks ; they lash the lofty Cliffs ; and toss themselves into the Clouds. Navies are rent from their Anchors ; and, with all their enormous Load, are whirled, swift as the Arrow, wild as the Winds, along the vast Abyss. Now, they climb the rolling Mountain, they plough the frightful Ridge, and seem to skim the Skies : anon, they plunge into the opening Gulph, they lose the Sight of Day, and are lost themselves to every Eye. How vain is the Pilot's Art ! How impotent the Mariner's Strength ! They reel to and fro, and stagger in the jarring Hold ; or cling to the Cordage, while bursting Seas foam over the Deck. Despair is in every Face, and Death sits threatening on every Surge.

——But

* ———Mortalia Corda

Per Gentes humilis stravit Pavor.——

One would almost imagine, that *Virgil* had read *Isaiab*, and borrowed his Ideas from Chap. ii. vers. 11. The *humilis*, and *stravit*, of the one, so exactly correspond with the *humbled*—*bowed down*—of the other. But, in one Circumstance, the Poet is vastly inferior to the Prophet. The latter, by giving a very striking Contrast to his Sentiments, represents them with incomparably greater Energy. He says not, *Men* in the gross, or the *human Heart* in general : but Men of the most elated Looks ; Hearts big with the most arrogant Imaginations ; even *Haughtiness* itself ; shall stoop from their supercilious Heights, shall grovel in the lowest Dust of Abasement, and shudder with the Extremes of an abject Pusillanimity.

—But why, O ye astonish'd Mariners, why should you abandon yourselves to Despair? Is the LORD's Hand shortened, because the Waves of the Sea rage horribly? Is his Ear deafened, by the roaring Thunders, and the bellowing Tempest? Cry, Cry, unto HIM, who "holdeth the Winds in his Fist, and the Waters in the Hollow of his Hand." HE is all-gracious, to hear; and almighty, to save. If HE command, the Storm shall be hush'd to Silence; the Billows shall subside into a Calm: the Lightenings shall lay their fiery Bolts aside: and, instead of sinking in a watery Grave, you shall find Yourself brought to the desired Haven.

SOMETIMES, after a joyless Day, a more melancholy *Night* succeeds.—The lazy, louring Vapours had wove so thick a Veil, as the meridian Sun could scarcely penetrate. What Gloom then must overwhelm the nocturnal Hours! The Moon withdraws her shining. Not a single Star, is able to struggle through the deep Arrangement of Shades. All is *pitchy Darkness*, without one enlivening Ray. How solemn! How awful! 'Tis like the Return of Chaos, or the Shroud of Nature. I don't wonder, that it is the Parent of Terrors, and so apt to engender Fear. Lately, the Tempest mark'd its rapid Way with Mischief; now, the Night dresses her silent Pavilion with Horror.

I HAVE *sometimes* left the beaming Tapers, withdrawn from the ruddy Fire, and plunged into the thickest of these sooty Shades: not, in the least, regretting the Change, but rather exulting in it, as a welcome Deliverance. The very Gloom was pleasing, was exhilarating, compared with the Conversation, I quitted. The Speech of my *Companions* (How does it grieve me, that I should *even once* have Occasion to call them by *that* Name!) was the Language of Darkness: was Horror to the Soul,
and

and Torture to the Ear*.——Alas! that I should have room to make the Reflection! May I never be under a *Necessity* of repeating it! Their Tongues were dipt in the Venom of Asps: “their Throat” was an open Sepulchre;” cruel to their Neighbour’s Character; as the Grave; and insatiable in *slanderous* Assassinations, as the Grave in devouring her Prey. Sometimes, their licentious and ungovernable Discourse, shot Arrows of *Profaneness* against Heaven itself; and, in proud Defiance, challenged the *Resentment* of Omnipotence. Sometimes, as if it was the Glory of human Nature, to share and cherish some of the *grossest* Appetites of the Brute; and the Mark of a Gentleman, to have served an Apprenticeship in a Brothel; the filthiest Jest of the Stews (if low *Obscenity* can be a Jest) were nauseously obtruded on the Company, till all the *Modest* Part of it was expelled: while the other besotted Creatures laughed aloud, though the Leprosy of Uncleanliness appeared on their Lips.——Are not these Persons *Prisoners* of *Darkness*; though blazing Sconces pour artificial Day through their Rooms? Are not their Souls immured in the most baleful Shades; though the Noon-tide Sun is brightened, by flaming on their gilded Chariots? They discern not that great and adorable Beings, who fill the Universe.

* What has been said, I ask’d my Soul, what done?
How flow’d our Mirth! or whence the Source begun?
Perhaps, the Jest, that charm’d the sprightly Croud,
And made the jovial Table laugh so loud,
To some *false* Notion ow’d it’s poor Pretence,
To an ambiguous Word’s perverted Sense;
To a wild Sonnet, or a wanton Air,
Offence and Torture to the sober Ear.

Perhaps, alas! the pleasing Stream was brought
From this Man’s Error, from another’s Fault;
From Topics, which Good-nature would forget,
And *Prudence* mention with the last Regret.

PRIOR’S *Solomon*.

Universe with his infinite and glorious Presence: who is all Eye, to observe their Actions; all Ear, to hear their Words. They know not the all-sufficient Redeemer, nor the unspeakable Blessedness of his heavenly Kingdom. They are groping for the Prize of Happiness; but will certainly grasp the Thorn of Anxiety. They are wantonly sporting on the Brink of that Precipice; from whence, in a Moment, they may fall headlong into *irretrievable* Ruin, and *endless* Despair.

THEY have forced me out, and are, perhaps, deriding me in my Absence: are charging my Reverence for my Maker, and *real* Sense of the *Excellency* of the RATIONAL Nature, to the Account of Humour and Singularity; Narrowness of Thought, or Sourness of Temper.—But be it so.—I will indulge no Indignation against Them; and, if any thing like it *should* arise, I will convert it into Prayer.—“Pity Them, Oh Thou Father of Mercies!—Shew them the Madness of their Profaneness—Shew them the Baseness of their vile Ribaldry—Let them be dumb, in silent Shame and Confusion; till they open their Lips, to adore thine *insulted* Majesty—to implore thy Pardon—and humbly devote to Thee, those social Hours, those injured Faculties; which they are now abusing, to thy Dishonour; to their own mutual Contamination; and (unless timely Repentance intervene) to their common Infamy, and final Perdition.”

I RIDE home amidst the gloomy Void: all darkling and solitary, I can scarce discern my Horse's Head; and only guess out my blind Road. *No Companion*, but Danger; or, perhaps, “Destruction ready at my Side*.”—But, why do I fancy myself solitary? Is not the Father of Lights; the God of my Life; the great and everlasting Friend;
always

always at my Right Hand ? Because the Day is excluded, is his Omnipotence vacated ? Though I have no earthly Acquaintance near, to assist in case of a Misfortune ; or to beguile the Time, and divert uneasy Suspicions, by entertaining Conferences : May I not lay my Help upon the Almighty, and converse with GOD by humble Supplication ? For this Exercise, no Place is improper ; no Hour unseasonable ; and no Posture incommodious. This is Society, the best of Society, even in Solitude. This is a Fund of Delights, easily portable, and quite inexhaustable. A Treasure this, of unknown Value ; and liable to no Hazard, from Wrong or Robbery ; but perfectly secure to the lonely Wanderer, in the most darksome Paths.

AND why should I distress myself with *Apprehensions of Peril* ? This Access to GOD, is not only an indefeasible Privilege, but a kind of ambulatory Garison. Those, that make known their Requests unto GOD, and rely upon his protecting Care ; He gives his Angels charge over their Welfare. His Angels are commissioned, to escort them in their Travelling ; and to hold up their Goings, that they dash not their Foot against a Stone. Nay, He Himself condescends to be their Guardian, and “ keeps “ all their Bones, so that not one of them is broken.” They are, according to the Certificate of Revelation, “ in League with the Stones of the “ Field.” Though they fall Headlong on the Flints, even the Flints, fitted to fracture the Skull, shall receive them as into the Arms of Friendship ; and not offer to hurt, whom the LORD is pleased to preserve.

MAY I then enjoy the Presence of this gracious GOD ; and Darkneſs and Light shall be both alike. Let HIM whisper Peace to my Conscience ; and this dread Silence shall be more charming, than the Voice

Voice of Eloquence, or the Strains of Music. Let HIM reveal his ravishing Perfections in my Soul ; and I shall not want the Saffron Beauties of the Morn, the golden Glories of Noon, or the impurpled Evening Sky. I shall sigh only for those most desirable and distinguished Realms ; where, the Light of HIS Countenance *perpetually* shines, and consequently——“ there is no * Night there.”

How surprising are the Alterations of Nature ! I left her the preceding Evening, plain and unadorned. But, now, a *thick Rhime* has shed it's hoary Honours over all. It has shagged the Fleeces of the Sheep, and crisped the Traveller's Locks. The Hedges are richly fringed, and all the Ground profusely powdered. The downward Branches are tasseled with Silver, and the upright are feathered with the plummy Wave.

BUT, the *Fine* are not always the *Valuable*. The Air, amidst all these gaudy Decorations, is charged with chilling, and unwholesome Damps. The hazy Influence spreads wide ; sits deep ; hangs heavy and oppressive on the Springs of Life. A listless Langour clogs the animal Functions ; and the purple Stream glides but faintly thro' it's Channels. In vain, the Ruler of the Day exerts his beaming Powers : In vain, He attempts to disperse this Insurrection of Vapours. The sullen, malignant Cloud refuses to depart. It envelops the World, and *intercepts* the *Prospect*. I look abroad for the neighbouring Village ; I send my Eye in quest of the rising Turret ; but, am scarce able to discern the very next House. Where are the blue Arches of Heaven ; where the radiant Countenance of the Sun ; where the boundless Scenes of Creation ? Lost, lost are their Beauties ; quenched their Glories. The thronged Theatre of the Universe, seems an empty Void ; and all it's elegant Pictures, an undistinguished

guished Blank.—Thus would it have been with our intellectual Views, if the *Gospel* had not come in to our Relief. We should have known neither our true Good, nor real Evil. We had been a Riddle to ourselves; the present State all Confusion, and the future, impenetrable Darkness. But, the Sun of Righteousness, arising with potent and triumphant Beams, has dissipated the interposing Cloud; and opened a Prospect, more beautiful than the Blossoms of Spring; more chearing than the Treasures of Autumn; more enlarged, than the Extent of the visible System: Which, having led the Eye of the Mind, thro' Fields of Grace, over Rivers of Righteousness, and Hills crowned with Knowledge; terminates, at length, in the Heavens; sweetly losing itself, in Regions of infinite Bliss, and endless Glory.

As I walk along the Fog, it seems, at some little Distance, to be almost solid Gloom; such as would shut out every Glimpse of Light, and totally imprison me in Obscurity. But, when I approach, and enter it; I find myself agreeably mistaken, and the Mist much *thinner*, than it *appeared*.—Such is the Case with regard to the *Sufferings* of the present Life; they are not, when experienced, so dreadful, as a timorous Imagination surmised. Such also is the Case, with reference to the *Gratifications* of *Sense*; they are not so substantial, as a sanguine Expectation represented. In both Instances, we are graciously disappointed: the Edge of the Calamity is blunted, that it may not wound us with incurable Anguish: the exquisite Relish of the Prosperity is palled, that it may not captivate our Affections, and enslave them to inferior Delights.

SOMETIMES, the Face of Things wears a more pleasing Form; the very reverse of the foregoing. The sober Evening advances, to close the short-lived Day. The Firmament, clear and unfulled, puts on
it's

it's brightest Blue. The Stars, in thronging Multitudes, and with a peculiar Brilliancy, glitter thro' the fair Expanse. While the *Frost* pours it's subtle and penetrating Influence, all around. Sharp and intensely keen, all the long Night, the rigid *Æther* continues it's Operations. When, late and slow, the Morning opens her pale Eye; in what a curious and amusing Disguise, is Nature dressed! The Icicles, jagged and uneven, are pendent on the Houses. A whitish Film incrusts the Windows, where mimic Landscapes rise, and fancied Figures swell. The fruitful Fields are hardened to Iron; the moistened Meadows are congealed to Marble; and both resound (an Effect unknown before) with the Peasant's hasty Tread. The Stream is arrested in it's Career, and it's ever-flowing Surface chained to the Banks. The fluid Paths become a solid Road; where the finny Shoals were wont to rove, the sportive Youth slide, or the rattling Chariots roll*. And (what would seem to an Inhabitant of the Southern World, as unaccountable as the deepest Mysteries of Religion) that very same Breath of Heaven, which cements the Lakes into a crystal Pavement; cleaves the Oaks, as it were, with invisible Wedges: "breaks" in Pieces the Northern Iron, and the Steel; even while it builds a Bridge of Icy Rock, over the Seas†.

THE

* Concrefcunt subito currenti in flumine crustæ;
Undaque jam tergo ferratos sustinet orbes,
Puppibus illa prius patulis, nunc hospita plaustris.
Æraque diffiliunt vulgo. VIRG.

† Job. xxviii. 30. *The Waters are hid, locked up from the Cattle's Lips, secured from the Fisher's Nets, and concealed from the Human Eye, as Wells are with a ponderous and impenetrable Stone. And not only Lakes and Rivers, but the Surface of the great and boundless Deep, with it's restless and uncontrollable Surges, is taken Captive* יתלכדו *by the Frost, and bound in shining Fetters.*

THE Air is all Serenity. Refined by the nitrous Particles, it affords the most distinct Views, and extensive Prospects. The Seeds of *Infection*, are killed; and the *Pestilence* destroyed, even in Embryo. So, the Cold of *Affliction* tends to mortify our Corruptions, and subdue our vitious Habits.— The crowding Atmosphere constringes our Bodies, and braces our Nerves. The Spirits are buoyant, and sally briskly on the Execution of their Office. Had we been under such unclouded Skies, and so bright a Sun, in the Summer Months; we should have been melted with Heat, and softened into Supineness: been ready to stretch our Limbs under the spreading Beach, and lie at Ease by the murmuring Brook. But, now, none loiters in his Path; none is seen with folded Arms: all is in Motion; all is Activity; Choice, prompted by the Weather, supplies the Spur of Necessity. Thus, the rugged School of *Misfortune*, often trains up the Mind, to a lively Exertion of it's Faculties; the keen Climate of *Adversity*, often inspirits us with a manly Resolution: when a soft and downy Affluence, perhaps, would have relaxed all the generous Spring of the Soul, and have left it enervated with Pleasure, or dissolved in Indolence.

“COLD cometh out of the North.” The Winds, having swept those Desarts of Snow, arm themselves with Millions of frozen Particles, and make a fierce Descent upon our Isle. Under black and scowling Clouds, they drive, dreadfully whizzing, through the darkened Air. They growl around our Houses; assault our Doors; and, eager for Entrance, fasten on our Windows. Walls can scarce restrain them; Bars are unable to exclude them; through every cranny they force their Way. Ice is on their Wings; they scatter Agues, through the Land; and Winter, all Winter, rages as they go.

go. Their Breath is as a searing * Iron to the little Verdure, left in the Plains. Vastly more pernicious to the tender Plants than the sharpest Knife; they not only kill their Branches, but wound the very Root. Let not the Corn venture far, from the Entrenchment of the Furrow; let not the fruit-bearing Blossoms dare to come abroad, from their Lodgment in the Bark; lest these savage, murderous Blasts, destroy the Hope of the advancing Year.

OH, 'tis severely cold! Who is so hardy, as not to shrink at this *excessively pinching* Weather? Every Face is pale. Even the blooming Cheeks contract a gelid Hue; and the Teeth hardly forbear chattering.—Ye that sit easy and joyous, in your commodious Apartments, solacing yourselves in the diffusive Warmth of your Fire; be mindful of your Brethren, in the cheerless Tenement of Poverty. *Their* shattered Panes, are open to the piercing Winds; a tattered Garment, scarcely covers their shivering Flesh; while a few faint and dying Embers on the squalid Hearth, rather mock their Wishes, than warm their Limbs.—While the generous Juices of *Oporto*, sparkle in your Glasses; or the Streams, beautifully tinged, and deliciously flavoured, by the *Chinese* Leaf, smok in the elegant Porcelain: O remember, that many of your Fellow-Creatures, amidst all the Rigour of these inclement Skies, are amaciated with Sicknefs; benumbed with Age; and pining with Hunger. Let “their Loins
“blefs you,” for comfortable Cloathing! supply
them

* This, I suppose, is the Meaning of that figurative Expression, used by the Prophet *Habakkuk*; who, speaking of the *Chaldeans* invading *Judaea*, says—*Their Faces, or the Incurfions they make, shall sup up, shall swallow greedily, shall devour utterly, the Inhabitants of the Country, and their valuable Effects; as the keen, corroding Blasts of the East-Wind, destroy every green Thing in the Field.* *Hab. i. 9.*

them with Food, with Fewel; and baffle the raging Year. So, may you never know any of their Distresses, but only by the Hearing of the Ear; the Seeing of the Eye; or the Feeling of a tender Commiseration!—Methinks, the bitter blustering Winds plead for the poor Indigents: may they breathe Pity into *your* Breasts! while they blow Hardships into *their* Huts.—Observe those blue Flames, and ruddy Coals, in your Chimney: quickened by the Cold, they look more lively, and grow more strongly. Silent, but seasonable Admonition to the gay Circle, that chat and smile around them! Thus, may your Hearts, at such a Juncture of Need, kindle into a peculiar Benevolence! Detain not your superfluous Piles of Wood. Let them hasten to the Relief of the starving Family. Bid them expire in many a willing Blaze, to mitigate the Severity of the Season, and cheer the bleak Abodes of Want: So shall they ascend, mingled with Thanksgivings to God, and ardent Prayers for your Welfare—ascend, more grateful to Heaven, than curling Columns of the most costly Incense.

Now the Winds cease. Having brought their Load, they are dismissed from Service. They have wasted an immense Cargo of Clouds, which empty themselves in *Snow*. At first, a few scattered Shreds come wandering down the saddened Sky. This slight Skirmish, is succeeded by a general Onset. The Flakes, large, and numerous, and thick-wavering, descend in a continual Flow. All Night, the fleecy Showers, in softest Silence, fall. In the Morning, when we awake, what a surprising Change appears!—Is this the same World?—Here is no Diversity of Colour! I can hardly distinguish the Trees, from the Hills on which they grow. Where is the Difference between the Grounds, destined to the Plough; and those, reserved for Pasturage? All Things lie blended in bright Confusion.

sion. So bright, that it heightens the Splendor of Day, and even dazzles the Organs of Sight. The Lawn is not so fair, as this snowy Mantle, which invests the Fields; and even the Lily, was the Lily to appear, would look tarnished in his Presence. I can think but of *one* Thing, which *excels*, or equals, this glittering Robe of Winter. Is any one desirous to know what I mean? He may find it described, in that admirable Hymn*, composed by the Royal Penitent. Is any one desirous to be possessed of so valuable a Rarity? He will find it offered to his Acceptance, in every Page of the Gospel.—See! (for the Eye cannot satisfy itself, without viewing again and again the curious, the delicate Scene) See! how the Hedges are habited, like spotless Vestals: the Houses are roofed, with Uniformity and Lustre: the Meadows are covered, with a Carpet of the finest Ermine†: the Groves bow, beneath the lovely Burthen: and all, all below, is one wide, immense, shining Waste of White.

AMAZING are the Works of the great Creator, and prodigiously *various*. How pliant and ductile is Nature, under his forming Hand! At his Command, the self-same Substance assumes the most different Shapes; and is transformed into an endless Multiplicity of Figures. If HE ordains, the Water is moulded into Hail, and discharged upon the Earth like a Volley of Shot; or, it is consolidated into Ice, and defends the Rivers, “as it were with a “Breast-plate.” At the bare Intimation of his Will, the very same Element is scattered in Hoar-Frost, like a Sprinkling of the most attenuated Ashes; or, is spread over the Surface of the Ground,

* Psal. li. 7. See Pag. 145, 146.

† This Animal is Milk-white; and so far is it from having *Spots*, that, as the Tradition goes, it will rather die, or be taken, than surly its Whiteness. See Chambers's *Dictionary*.

Ground, in these swelling Couches of deep and flaky Down.

THE SNOW, however it may carry the Appearance of Cold, affords a *warm* Garment for the Corn; screens it from nipping Frosts, and cherishes it's infant Growth. It will abide for awhile, to exert a protecting Care, and exercise a fostering Influence. Then, touched by the Sun, or thawed by a softening Gale; the furry Vesture, melts into genial Moisture; sinks deep into the Soil, and saturates it's Pores with the dissolving Nitre: replenishing the Glebe with that vegetative Life, which will open into the Bloom of Spring, and ripen into the Fruits of Autumn:—Beautiful Emblem this, and comfortable Representation, of the Efficacy of the divine Word: both in the successful, and advantageous Issue, of it's Operation! “As the Rain com-
“ eth down, and the Snow from Heaven, and re-
“ turneth not thither, but watereth the Earth, and
“ maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give
“ Seed to the Sower, and Bread to the Eater: So
“ shall my Word be, that goeth forth out of my
“ Mouth: It shall not return unto me void, but
“ shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall
“ prosper in the Thing whereto I sent it*.”

NATURE, at length, puts off her lucid Veil. She drops it, in a trickling Thaw. The loosened Snow, rolls in Sheets from the Houses. Various Openings spot the Hills; which, even while we look, become larger, and more numerous. The Trees rid themselves, by Degrees, of the hoary Incumbrance. Shook from the springing Boughs, Part falls heavy to the Ground, Part flies abroad in shining Atoms. Our Fields and Gardens, lately buried beneath the drifted Heaps, rise plain and distinct to View.—And, since we see Nature once again, has She no verdant Traces, no beautiful Features,

* Isa. lv. 10, 11.

tures, left? They are, like real Friends, very rare; and therefore the more particularly to be regarded, the more highly to be valued.—Here and there, the *Holly* hangs out her glowing Berries; the *Laurustinus* spreads her graceful Tufts; and both, under a Covert of unfading Foliage.—The plain, but hardy *Ivy* cloathes the decrepit, crazy Wall; nor shrinks from the friendly Office; tho' the Skies frown, and the Storm roars.—The *Laurel*, firm, erect, and bold, expands it's Leaf of vivid Green. In spite of all the united, the repeated Attacks of Wind, and Rain, and Frost, it preserves an undismayed lively Look; and maintains it's Post, while withering Millions fall around. Worthy, by vanquishing the rugged Force of Winter, worthy to adorn the triumphant Conqueror's Brow.—Nor must I forget the *Bay-tree*; which scorns to be a mean Pensioner, on a few sunny Gleams; or, with a servile Obsequiousness, to vary its Appearance, in Conformity to the changing Seasons. By such Indications of sterling Worth, and stanch Resolution, reading a Lecture, to the Poet's Genius; while it weaves the Chaplet, for his Temples.—*These*, and a few other Plants, clad in their native Verdure, retain their comely Aspect, in the bleakest Climes, and coldest Months.

SUCH, and so durable, are the Accomplishments of a *refined* Understanding, and an *amiable* Temper. The tawdry Ornaments of Dress, which catch the unthinking Vulgar, soon become insipid and despicable. The rubied Lip, and the flushing Cheek, fade. Even the sparkling Wit*, as well as the sparkling

* “ How little does God esteem the Things that Men
“ count great; the Endowments of Wit and Eloquence,
“ that Men admire in some! Alas! how poor are they

sparkling Eye, please but for a Moment. But the virtuous Mind has Charms, which survive the Decay of every inferior Enbellishment; Charms, which add to the Fragrancy of the Flower, the *Permanency* of the *Ever-green*.

SUCH, likewise, is the *Happiness* of the *sincerely Religious*; like a Tree, says the inspired Moralist, "whose Leaf shall not fall." He borrows not his Peace from external Circumstances; but has a Fund within, and is "satisfied from himself." Even though impoverished by Misfortunes, He is rich in the Possession of Grace, and richer in the Hope of Glory. His Joys are infinitely superior to, as well
as

"to Him! He respecteth not any who are wise in Heart: they are nothing, and less than nothing, in his Eyes. Even *wise* Men admire, how little it is that Men know; how small a Matter lies under the Sound of these popular Wonders, a learned Man, a great Scholar, a great Statesman. How much more doth the all-wise God meanly account of These! He often discovers, even to the World, their Meanness. He *befools* them. So Valour, or Birth, or worldly Greatness, these He gives, and gives as Things He makes no great Reckoning of, to such as shall never see his Face; and calls to the Inheritance of Glory poor despised Creatures, that are looked on as the *Off-scourings*, and *Refuse* of the World."

—THUS says an excellent Author; who writes with the most amiable Spirit of Benevolence; with the most unaffected Air of Humility; and, like the sacred Originals, from which he copies, with a majestic Simplicity of Style.—Whose *select Works* I may venture to recommend, not only as a Treasure, but as a MINE, of genuine, sterling, evangelical Piety.—See Page 520, of Archbishop LEIGHTON's select Works, the *Edinburgh* Edition, Octavo: Which it is necessary to specify, because the *London* Edition does not contain that Part of his Writings, which has supplied me with the preceding Quotation.

as nobly independent on, the transitory Glow of sensual Delight, or the capricious Favours of, what the World calls, Fortune.

If the *Snow* composes the light-armed Troops of the Sky; methinks, the *Hail* constitutes it's heavy Artillery. When driven by a vehement Wind, with what dreadful Impetuosity, does that stony Shower fall! How it rebounds from the frozen Ground, and rattles on the resounding Dome! It attenuates the Rivers into Smoke, or scourges them into Foam. It crushes the infant Flowers; cuts in Pieces the Gardener's early Plants; and batters the feeble Fortification of his Glasses, into Shivers. It darts into the Traveller's Face: He turns, with Haste, from the Stroke; or feels, on his Cheek, for the gushing Blood: If he would retreat into the House, it follows him, even thither; and, like a determined Enemy, that pushes the Pursuit, dashes through the crackling Panes.—But, the fierce Attack is quickly over. The Clouds have soon spent their Shafts; soon unstrung their Bow. How happy for the Inhabitants of the Earth, that what is so dreadfully *furios*, should be so remarkably *short*! what else could endure the Shock, or escape Destruction?

BUT, behold a *Bow*, of no hostile Intention; a Bow, painted in variegated Colours, on the disburdened Cloud. How vast is the Extent, how delicate the Texture, of that *showery Arch*! It compasseth the Heavens, with a glorious Circle; and makes Us forget, the Horrors of the Storm. Elegant it's Form, and rich it's Tinctures; but more delightful it's sacred Significancy. While the Violet and the Rose, blush in it's beautiful Aspect; the Olive-branch smiles in it's gracious import. It writes, in radiant Dyes, what the Angels sung in *harmonious Strains*; “Peace on Earth, and Good-
“will towards Men.” It is the Stamp of *Insurance*,

for the continued Welfare of this present World;
and a comfortable *Token* of a better State, and hap-
pier Kingdom:—a Kingdom, where a *Rainbow*
is represented, as surrounding the Throne *; to in-
timate, that *there* Storms shall beat, and *Winter*
pierce no more; but one unbounded *Spring* for
ever, ever bloom.

* Rev. iv. 3.

DESCANT
UPON
CREATION.

*With Joy, with Grief, that healing Hand I see;
The Skies it form'd, and yet it bled for me.*

Night Thoughts, No. IV.

DESCANT

FROM

CREATION.

With joy, with Grief, that beauty I find
The skies it form'd, and yet it died for me.

Myself I thought, how true I

THE
C O N T E N T S.

*The Design of the Whole—Angels—the visible
Heavens—Stars—Comets—Planets—Sun—
Moon—Thunders—Lightnings—Clouds, win-
try and vernal—Rainbow—Storms and Tem-
pests—Pestilence—Heat and Cold—Ocean—
Woods and Shrubs—Vine and Fruit-trees—
Meadows and Fields—Mines and Jewels—
Fountains and Rivers—Birds—Bees—Silk-
worm—Cattle, and Creatures in every Ele-
ment—general Chorus of Praise.*

DESCANT UPON CREATION.

IF the Reader pleases to look back to Page 185; He will find me engaged by a *promissory* Note, to subjoin a *DESCANT* upon *CREATION*.

To *know the Love of CHRIST*; to have such a deep Apprehension of his unspeakable Kindness, as may produce in our Hearts an adoring Gratitude to his dying Majesty, and an unfeigned Faith in his precious Merits; this, according to *St. Paul's* Estimate, is the highest and happiest Attainment in the sacred Science of Christianity *. The following, is an Attempt to assist the attentive Mind, in learning a Line or two of that best and greatest Lesson. It introduces the most conspicuous Parts of the visible System, as so many *Prompters* to our dull affections; each suggesting a *Hint*, adapted to the important occasion, and suited to it's respective Character.

C 5

CAN

CAN there be a more powerful Incentive to this heavenly Temper ; than to consider the magnificent and delicate Scenes of the Universe, with a particular Reference to CHRIST, as the Creator?—— Every Object, viewed in this Light, will, I hope, administer incessant *Recruits*, to the *languishing* Lamp of *divine Love*. Every Production in Nature, will strike a Spark into the Soul ; and the whole Creation concur, to raise that smoaking Flax into a Flame.

CAN any Thing impart a stronger Joy, to the Believer ; or more effectually tend to confirm his *Affiance*, in the crucified LAMB ; than to behold the Heavens declaring his Glory, and the Firmament shewing his Handy-work ? Surely, it must be a Master of inexpressible Consolation to the poor Sinner ; to observe the Honours of his Redeemer, written with Sun-beams, over all the Face of the World.

LET Those, therefore, who delight to read an Account of the incarnate JEHOVAH ? as He is revealed in the Books of *Moses* and the Prophets, the Evangelists and Apostles ; endeavour, accustom themselves, to see a Sketch of his Perfections ; as they stand delineated in that *stately* Volume, where every *Leaf*, is a spacious Plain—every *Line* a flowing Brook——every *Period*, a lofty Mountain.

SHOULD any of my Readers be unexercised in such Speculations, I beg leave (in pursuance of my Promise) to present them with a *Specimen* : to offer a Clue, which may possibly lead their Minds, into this most improving and delightful Train of Thinking.

SHOULD

SHOULD Any be inclined to suspect the following Observations, as the Voice of Rant, or the lawless Flight of Fancy; rather than acquiesce in them, as the *Words of Truth and Soberness*: I intreat such Persons to recollect; That they are warranted by the unanimous Testimony of the inspired Penmen. Who frequently celebrate IMMANUEL, or CHRIST JESUS, as the great Almighty Cause of All; assuring Us, that *All Things were created by Him, and for Him; and that in Him all Things consist* *.

ON such a Subject, what is *wonderful*, is far from being *extravagant*. To be wonderful, is the grand Characteristic of GOD, and his Works; especially, of that most distinguished and glorious even of the Divine Works, REDEMPTION. So glorious, that, "All the Miracles in *Egypt*, and the "marvellous Acts in the *Meld of Zoan*;" all that the *Jewish* Annals have recorded, or the human Ear has heard; dwindle into *trivial* Events, and are scarce worthy to be *remembered* †, in comparison of this stupendous Transaction.—Kindled, therefore, into pleasing Astonishment, by such a Survey; let me give full Scope to my Meditations, and pour out my whole Soul on so boundless a Subject; regardless of the Limits, which cold Criticism might prescribe.

O YE *Angels*, that surround the Throne; ye Princes of Heaven, "that excel in Strength," and are clothed with transcendent Brightness; HE who placed You in those Stations of exalted Honour, who

* *Coloss.* 1. 16, 17. Before my Reader enters upon the following Descant, He is desired to peruse the Note, pag. 102, 103, of *Reflections on a Flower-Garden*.

† *Isai.* xliiii. 18.

36 *A Descant upon CREATION.*

who dignified your Nature with such illustrious Endowments; He, whom you all obey, and all adore: —HE took not on Him the Angelic Form, but united Himself to frail Flesh and Blood; communicated with Us wretched Mortals in our Weariness, our Pains, and all our Infirmities, Sin only excepted: —That We might, one Day, be raised to your sublime Abodes; be adopted into your blissful Society; and join with your transported Choir, in giving Glory to HIM that sitteth upon the Throne, and to the LAMB for ever and ever*.

O YE *Heavens*; whose azure Arches rise so immensely high, and stretch so unmeasurably wide: stupendous Amphitheatre; amidst whose vast expansive Circuit, Orbs of enormous Magnitude are perpetually running their amazing Races: unfathomable Depths of *Æther*; where Worlds unnumbered float, and, to our limited Sight, Worlds unnumbered are lost: —He, who adjusted your Dimensions with his Span, and formed the magnificent Structure with his Word; HE was once wrapt in Swaddling-cloaths, and laid in a Manger: —that the Benefits accruing to his People, through his most meritorious Humiliation, might have no other Measure of their Value than Immensity; might run parallel, in their Duration, with Eternity.

O YE *Stars*; that beam with such inextinguishable Brilliancy, through the midnight Sky; Oceans of Flame, and Centres of Worlds, tho' seemingly little Points of Light: —He, who shone, with essential Effulgence, innumerable Ages, before your twinkling Tapers were kindled; and will shine, with everlasting Majesty and Beauty, when your Places shall be known no more: HE was involved, for many Years, in the deepest Obscurity; lay concealed,

cealed, in the contemptible City *Nazareth*; lay disguised, under the mean Habit of a Carpenter's Son : —that He might plant the Heavens *, as it were, with new Constellations; and exalt the Clods of Earth to a Radiancy, superior to yours: a Radiancy, which will adorn the very Heaven of Heavens, when you shall vanish away, like Smoke †; or expire, as momentary Sparks from the smitten Steel.

Comets; that sometimes shoot into the illimitable Tracts of Æther, farther than the Discernment of our Eye is able to follow; sometimes, return from the long, long Excursion, and sweep our affrighted Hemisphere with your enormous fiery Train; that, sometimes, make near Approaches to the Sun, and burn almost in his immediate Beams; sometimes, retire to very remote Distances, and freeze, for Ages, in the excessive Rigours of Winter: —He, who, at his Sovereign Pleasure, withdraws the blazing Wonder: or leads forth the portentous Stranger, to shake Terror over guilty Kingdoms: HE was over-whelmed with the most shocking Amazement, and plunged into the deepest Anxiety; was chilled with Apprehensions of Fear, and scorched by the Flames of avenging Wrath: —That I, and other rebellious

* Isa. li. 16.

† Alluding to the Passage in *Isaiab*, which is, I think, grand and elevated beyond all Comparison. — *Lift up your Eyes to the Heavens, and look upon the Earth beneath: for the Heavens shall vanish away like Smoke, and the Earth shall wax old like a Garment, and they that dwell therein shall die like the feeble Insect; but my Righteousness shall be for ever, and my Salvation shall not be abolished*, Isa. li. 6. — With the great *Vitringa*, I translate the Words כִּן כְּשֵׁן, not, in like Manner, but, like the feeble Insect. Which renders the Period more complete; the Sense more emphatical; and is more agreeable to the Genius of the sacred Original.

rebellious Creatures, might not be for ever agitated, in the Extremes of jarring Passions ; opposite, yet, on either Side, tormenting ; far more tormenting to the Soul, than the severest Degrees of your Heat and Cold to the human Sense.

YE Planets ; that, winged with unimaginable Speed, traverse the Regions of the Sky ; sometimes climbing Millions and Millions of Miles above, sometimes descending as far below, the great Axle of your Motions : Ye, that are so minutely faithful, to the Vicissitudes of Day and Night ; so exactly punctual, in bringing on the Changes of your respective Seasons :—He, who launched you, at first, from his mighty Arm ; who continually impels You, with such wonderful Rapidity ; and guides You, with such perfect Regularity : Who “ fixes the Habitation of his Holiness, and his Glory,” infinite Heights above your scanty Rounds : HE once became a helpless Infant ; sojourned in our inferior World ; fled from the Persecutor’s Sword ; and wandered as a Vagabond in a foreign Land :—that He might lead our Feet into the Way of Peace ; that he might bring Us Aliens near to God, bring Us Exiles home to Heaven.

THOU Sun ; inexhausted Source of Light, and Heat, and Comfort ; without whose Presence an universal Gloom would ensue, and Horror insupportable : Who, without the Assistance of any other Fire, sheddest Day through a thousand Realms ; and, not confining thy Munificence to Realms only, extendest thy enlightening Influences to surrounding Worlds : Prime Chearer of the Animal, and great Enliverer of the vegetable Tribes : so beautiful in thyself, so beneficial in thy Effects, that erring Heathens addressed thee with Adorations, and mistook thee for thy Maker :—He, who filled thy
Orb

Orb with a Profusion of Lustre ; Lustre, in it's direct Emanations, unsufferably bright ; but, rebated by Reflexion, delightfully mild : He, before whom thy meridian Splendors are but a Shade ; whose Love transfused into the Heart, is infinitely more exhilarating, than even thy sweet and clear Shining after the Rain :——He divested Himself of his all-transcending Distinctions, and drew a Veil over the Effulgence of his Divinity ; that, by speaking to Us, Face to Face, as a Man speaketh unto his Friend, He might dispel our intellectual Darknes : His “ Visage was marred,” and He became the Scorn of Men, the Outcast of the People ; that, by this Manifestation of his unutterably tender Regard for our Welfare, He might diffuse many a Gleam of Joy through our dejected Minds : that, in another State of Things, He might cloathe even our fallen Nature, with the Honours of that magnificent Luminary ; and give all the Righteous to shine forth as the Sun, in the Kingdom of their Father.

THOU *Moon* ; that walkest among the Host of Stars, and, in thy lucid Appearance, art superior to them all : fair Ruler of the Night ; sometimes, supplying the Day, with thy waxing Brightness ; sometimes, waning into Dimness, and scarcely scattering the nocturnal Gloom ; sometimes, covered with Sackcloth, and alarming the gazing Nations :——He, who dresses thy opake Globe, in beaming, but borrowed Silver ; whose Dignity is unchangeable, underived, and all his own : He vouchsafed to wear a Body of Clay ; He vouchsafed to appear as in a bloody Eclipse, shorn of his resplendent Beams, and surrounded with a Night of Horror, that knew not one reviving Ray :——Thus, has He impowered his Church, to tread the Moon under her Feet * ; and, inspired with the Hope of brighter Glory, of
more

* Rev. xii. 1.

more enduring Bliss, to triumph over all the vain Anxieties, and vainer Amusements, of this sublunary, precarious, mutable World.

YE Thunders ; that, awfully grumbling in the distant Clouds, seem to meditate Indignation, and form the first Essays of a far more dreadful Peal ; or, suddenly bursting over our Heads, rend the Vault above, and shake the Ground below, with the hideous, horrid Crack : *Ye*, that send your tremendous Volleys from Pole to Pole, startling the savage Herds*, and astonishing the human Race : *HE*, who permits Terror to sound her Trumpet, in your deep, prolonged, inlarging, aggravated Roar : *HE* uttered a feeble infantile Cry in the Stable, and strong expiring Groans on the accursed Tree :—that *He* might, in the gentlest Accents, whisper Peace to our Souls ; and, at length, tune our Voices to the Melody of Heaven.

O YE Lightnings ; that brood, and lie couchant, in the sulphureous Vapours : that glance, with forked Fury, from the angry Gloom, swifter and fiercer, than the Lion rushing from his Den ; or, open into vast expansive Sheets of Flame, sublimely waved over the prostrate World, and fearfully lingering in the frighted Skies : *Ye*, that formerly laid in Ashes the licentious Abodes of Lust and Violence ; that will, ere long, set on fire the Elements, and cooperate in the Conflagration of the Globe :—*He*, who kindles your Flash, and directs you when to fall, and where to strike ; commissions your whirling Bolts, whom to kill, and whom to spare : *He* resigned his sacred Person, to the most barbarous and provoking Insults ; submitted his beneficent Hands, to the ponderous Hammer, and the piercing Nail ; yea, with-held not his Heart, his very Heart from
the

the Stab of the Executioner's Spear: and, instead of flashing Confusion on his outrageous Tormentors; instead of striking them dead to the Earth, or plunging them to the Depths of Hell, with his Frown; He cried—in his last Moments, and with his agonizing Lips, He cried, FATHER, FORGIVE THEM; FOR THEY KNOW NOT, WHAT THEY DO!—O! what a Pattern of Patience for his Saints! What an Object of Admiration for Angels! What a Constellation of every mild, amiable, and benign Virtue; shining, in this Hour of Darkness, with ineffable Splendor and Beauty *!—Hence, hence it is, that We are not trembling under the Lightnings of Mount Sinai; that we are not blasted by the Flames of Divine Vengeance; or doomed to dwell with everlasting Burnings.

Y E

* One can hardly forbear taking notice of the *disingenuous* Temper, and *perverse* Taste of *Celsus*; who attempts to turn, this most distinguishing and ornamental Part of our LORD's Life, into Ridicule and Reproach. —Having spoken of CHRIST, as despitefully used, and arrayed in a purple Robe; crowned with Thorns; and holding, by way of mock Majesty, a Reed instead of a Sceptre (for He enters into all these Circumstances, which is very remarkable); He adds, —Τι οὐκ ἔστιν ὁ Θεὸς, ἀλλὰ νυνὶ γὰρ θεῖον τι ἐπιδεικνύσθαι; καὶ τῆς αἰσχρῆς παύσης ἑαυτοῦ ρυῖλαι, καὶ τῆς υβριζούσας εἰς ἑαυτοῦ τῆς καὶ τοῖς πασι δίκαιοι; Orig. contra Cels. p. 81. i. e. *Why, in the Name of Wonder, does He not, on this Occasion, at least, act the God? Why does He not deliver Himself from this shocking Ignominy; or execute some signal Vengeance, on the Authors of such injurious and abusive Insults, both of Himself and his Father?* —Why? Because, HE was Meekness and Gentleness itself; whereas, *your* Deities were Slaves to their turbulent and resentful Passions. Because, *they* were little better than Savages in human Shape; who too often made a Merit of Slaughter, and prided themselves in spilling Blood: but, CHRIST was the Prince of Peace, and came not to destroy

YE frowning wintry Clouds ; Oceans pendent in the Air, and burdening the Winds : He, in whose Hand, You are an overflowing Scourge ; or, by whose Appointment, an Arsenal * of warlike Stores : He, who opens your Sluices, and a Flood gushes forth ; to destroy the Fruits of the Earth, and drown

destroy Mens Lives, but to save. Because, any Madman on Earth, or Fury from Hell, is capable of venting his Rage : But Who, amidst such unsufferable Provocations and Barbarities ; Who, having in his own Hand, the Power to rescue himself, the Power to avenge himself ; could submit to all, with an unruffled Serenity of Patience ; and not only not be exasperated, but overcome, in so triumphant a Manner, *Evil with Good* ? None but CHRIST ! None but CHRIST ! This was Compassion worthy of a God ; Clemency and Charity truly divine.

Therefore, the Calumny raised by the same virulent Objector, in another Place, carries its own Confutation ; or rather, falls with a Weight of *Infamy* on his dunghil Deities ; while it bears a most *honourable* Testimony, to the majestic and invincible Meekness of our Saviour,—*Συ μιν*, says He to the Christian, *τα αγαλματα τῶν λαιδερῶν καταγίλας*, ος αὐτοὺς γι τοὺς Διόνυσον ἢ τοὺς Ἡρακλῆα παροῖσα ἢ εὐλοιδόρησας, ὡς ἂν ἰσως χαιρὼν ἀπηλλαξας. ποὺ γι σοὺ Θεοὺ παροῖσα καὶ ἀλυσινὸς καὶ κολαζόνις, ὡς οἱ ταῦτα δρασαντις πιπνιδασιν, *ibid.* p. 404. i. e. You, indeed, take upon You, to deride the Images of our Deities ; but if Bacchus himself, or Hercules, had been present, You would not have dared to offer such an Affront ; or, if You had been so presumptuous, would have severely smarted for your Insolence. Whereas, they who tormented the very Person of your God, and even extended him with mortal Agony on the Cross, suffered no Effects of his Displeasure.

* Juvenal seems to consider the Clouds, under this same Character, in that beautiful Line.

Quicquid habent Telorum Armamentaria Cæli.

Sat. 13.

drown the Husbandman's Hopes : Who moulds You into frozen Balls, and you are shot, linked with Death †, on the Troops of his Enemies : HE, instead of discharging the Furiousness of his Wrath upon this guilty Head ; poured out his Prayers ; poured out his Sighs ; poured out his very Soul ; for me and my Fellow-transgressors :—that, by virtue of his inestimable Propitiation, the Overflowings of Divine Good-will might be extended to sinful Men ; that the Skies might pour down Righteousness ; and Peace on her downy Wings, Peace with her balmy Blessings, descend to dwell on Earth.

Yr vernal Clouds ; Furls of finer Air, Folds of softer Moisture ; He, who draws You, in copious Exhalations, from the briny Deep ; bids You leave every distasteful Quality behind ; and become floating Fountains of sweetest Waters : He, who dissolves You into gentle Rain, and dismisses You in fruitful Showers ; who kindly commissions You, to drop down Fatness, as You fall, and to scatter Flowers over the Field :—HE, in the unutterable Bitterness of his Spirit, was without any comforting Sense of his Almighty Father's Presence ; had not one Drop of that sacred Consolation, which, on many of his afflicted Servants, has been distilled as the Evening Dews, and has “ given Songs in “ the Night ” of Distress :—That, from this unallayed and inconsolable Anguish of our all-gracious Master, We, as from a Well of Salvation, might derive large Draughts of spiritual Refreshment.

THOU

† It is well known, what terrible Slaughter has been made, by these *missive Weapons* of the Almighty, *Josb. x. 11.*—But, the most dreadful Description of this *great Ordinance* of the Heavens, is in *Rev. xvi. 21.* *There fell upon Men a great Hail out of Heaven, every Stone about the Weight of a Talent.*

THOU grand *ethereal Bow* ; whose Beauties fluff the Firmament, and charm every Spectator : He, who paints thee on the fluid Skirts of the Sky ; who decks thee with all the Pride of Colours ; and bends thee into that graceful and majestic Figure : at whose Command, thy vivid Streaks sweetly rise, or swiftly fade :——HE, through all his Life, was arrayed in the humble Garb of Poverty : and, at his Exit, wore the gorgeous Garment of Contempt : insomuch, that even his own familiar Friends, ashamed, or afraid to own Him, “ hid as it were “ their Faces from Him*.”——To teach Us a becoming Disdain, for the unsubstantial and transitory Glitter of all worldly Vanities : to introduce Us, in Robes brighter than the Tinges of thy resplendent Arch ; even in the Robes of his own most immaculate Righteousness, to introduce Us, unblameable and unconfounded, before that awful Throne, which the peaceful Rainbow surrounds ; surrounds, as a Pledge of everlasting Fidelity, and infinite Mercy.

YE *Storms and Tempests*, that vex the Continent, and toss the Seas ; that dash Navies on the Rocks, and drive Forests from their Roots : He, who holds the rapid and raging Hurricane, in streightened Reins ; and walks, dreadfully serene, on the very Wings of the Wind : He, whose Breath rouses You into such resistless Fury, and whose Nod controuls You in your wildest Career :——HE went,
all

* Isai. liii. 3. כמסתר פנים ממנו *Fuit tanquam aliquis, e quo quisque faciem occultaret.* He was as some flagitious and abandoned Wretch, from whom every One, disdaining such a Character, and disclaiming such an Acquaintance, studiously hid his Face.

all meek and gentle, like a Lamb to the Slaughter for Us; and, as a Sheep before her Shearers is dumb, so he opened not his Mouth:—Thus, are We instructed to bear, with decent Magnanimity, the various Assaults of Adversity; and to pass, with a becoming Tranquillity of Temper, through the ruder Blasts of injurious Treatment: thus are We delivered from the unutterably fiercer Storms, of incensed and inexorable Justice; from the “Fire, the Brimstone, and the horrible Tempest, which shall be the Portion of the Ungodly.”

THOU *Pestilence*, that scatterest Ten thousand Poisons from thy baleful Wings; tainting the Air, and infecting the Nations: that leavest mighty Regions depopulated, and crouded Cities, even great and fair, without Inhabitant:—He, who arms thee with inevitable Destruction, and ordains thee to march before * his angry Countenance; to spread Desolation among the Tents of the Wicked, and be the Forerunner of far more fearful Indignation: HE, in his holy Humanity, was arraigned as a Criminal; and, though Innocence itself, yea, the very Pattern of Perfection, was condemned to die, like the most execrable Miscreant: as a Nuisance to Society, and the very Bane of the public Happiness, He was hurried away to Execution, and hammered to the Gibbet:—That, by his Blood, He might prepare a sovereign Medicine, to cure Us of a more fatal Distemper, than the Pestilence that walketh in Darkness, or the Sickness that destroyeth at Noon-day: that he might himself say to our last Enemy. “O Death, I will be thy Plague; O Grave, I will be thy Destruction†.”

Heat,

* *Before Him went the Pestilence, Hab. iii. 5.*

† *Hos. xiii. 14.*

Heat, whose burning Influence parches the *Libyan Wilds* ; tans, into Soot, the *Ethiopian's* Complexion ; and makes every Species of Life pant, languish, and sicken : *Gold*, whose icy Breath glazes yearly the *Russian Seas* ; often glues the frozen Sailor to the Cordage ; and stiffens the Traveller into a Statue of rigid Flesh :—HE, who sometimes mingles You both, and produces a delightful Temperature ; sometimes, suffers You to act separately, and rage with intolerable Severity : that King of Heaven, and Controuler of universal Nature, when dwelling in a Tabernacle of Clay, was exposed to chilling Damps, and smitten by sultry Beams : the Stars, in their midnight Watches, heard Him pray ; and the Sun, in his meridian Fervours, saw Him toil :—Hence are our frozen Hearts dissolved, into a Flow of divine Love ; conscious of a Deliverance from those insufferable Flames, which glow in the infernal Prison.

THOU *Ocean*, vast World of Waters ; He, who sunk that capacious Bed for thy Reception, and poured the liquid Element into unfathomable Channels ; before Whom, all thy foaming Billows, and floating Mountains, are as the small Drop of a Bucket : Who, by the least Intimation of his Will, swells thy fluid Kingdoms, in wild Confusion, to mingle with the Clouds ; or reduces them, in calm Composure, to slumber on the Shores : He, who, once, gave thee a Warrant to overwhelm the whole Earth, and bury all it's degenerate Inhabitants in a watery Grave ; but has, now, laid an everlasting Embargo on thy boisterous Waves ; and bound thee, all fierce and madding as Thou art, in Chains stronger than Adamant, yet formed of despicable Sand :—All the Waves and Billows of inexorable Vengeance, passed over HIS tormented Body, and

a sisted

afflicted Soul: that We might emerge from those Depths of Misery, from that Abyss of Guilt, into which We were plunged by *Adam's* Fall, and more irretrievably sunk by our own Transgressions: that, at the last, We might be restored to that happy World, which is represented, in the Vision of God, as having "no Sea;" to denote it's perpetual Stability, and undisturbed Serenity.

YE *Mountains*, that overlook the Clouds, and project a Shade into distant Provinces: everlasting Pyramids of Nature, not to be shook by conflicting Elements; not to be torn by the Convulsions of Earthquakes; nor impaired even by the Ravages of Time:—He, who bid your Ridges rise so high, and your Foundations stand so fast: in whose Scale, You are lighter than Dust; in whose Eye, You are less than nothing:—HE sunk, beneath a Load of Woes; Woes insupportable, but not his own; when He took our Iniquities, and heaved the more than mountainous Burden from a guilty World.

YE verdant *Woods*, that crown our Hills, and are crowned yourselves with leafy Honours: Ye humble *Shrubs*, adorned, in Spring, with opening Blossoms; and fanned, in Summer, by gentle Gales: ye, that in distant Climes, or in cultivated Gardens, breathe out spicy Odours, and embalm the Air with delightful Perfumes:—Your all-glorious and ever-blessed Creator's Head, was incircled with the thorny Wreath; his Face defiled with contumelious Spitting; and his Body bathed in a bloody Sweat:—that We might wear the Crown, the Crown of Glory, which fadeth not away; and live, for evermore, surrounded with Delights as much surpassing yours, as yours exceed the rugged Desolations of Winter.

THOU

THOU mantling *Vine* ; He, who hangs, on thy slender Shoots, the rich, transparent, weighty Cluster ; Who, under thy unornamented Foliage, and amidst the Pores of thy otherwise worthless Bough, prepares the Liquor—the refined and exalted Liquor, that cheers the Nations, and fills the Cup of Joy :—*Trees*, whose Branches are elevated and waving in Air ; or diffused, in easy Confinement, along a sunny Wall : He, who loads You with a lovely Burden of delicious Fruits ; whose genial Warmth beautifies their Rind, and mellows their Taste :—HE, when voluntarily subject to our Wants, instead of being refreshed with your generous Juices, or regaled with your luscious Pulp ; had a loathsome Potion of Vinegar, mingled with Gall, addressed to his Lips :—that We might eat of the Fruit of the Tree of Life, which grows in the midst of the Paradise of God* ; and drink new Wine, with Him, in his Father's Kingdom.

YE luxuriant *Meadows* ; He, who, without the Seed-man's Industry, replenishes your irriguous Lap, with never-failing Crops of Herbage ; who enamels their chearful Green, with Flowers of every Hue :—Ye fertile *Fields* ; He, who blesses the Labours of the Husbandman ; who enriches your well-tilled Plains with waving Harvests, and calls forth the Staff of Life from your Furrows ; He, who causes both Meadows and Fields to laugh and sing, for the Abundance of Plenty :—HE was no Stranger to corroding Hunger, and parching Thirst ; He eat the bitter Bread of Woe, and had “ Plenteousness of Tears to drink :”—that We might partake of richer Dainties, than those which are produced by the Dew of Heaven, and proceed from the Fatness of the Earth ; that We might feed on “ the hidden Manna,” and eat the Bread which giveth Life, eternal Life, unto the World.

YE

YE *Mines*, rich in golden Ore, or bright with Veins of Silver; that distribute you shining Treasures, as far as Winds can waft the Vessel of Commerce; who bestow your Alms on Monarchs, and have Princes for your Pensioners: YE Beds of *Gems*, Toy-shops of jealous Nature, which form, in dark Retirement, the glittering Stone; *Diamonds*, that sparkle with a brilliant Water; *Rubies*, that glow with a crimson Flame; *Emeralds*, dipped in the freshest Verdure of Spring; *Sapphires*, decked with the fairest Drapery of the Sky; *Topaz*, emblazed with dazzling Yellow; *Ametyst*, impurpled with the Blushes of the Morning:—He, who tinctures the metallic Dust, and consolidates the lucid Drop; HE, when sojourning on Earth, had no Riches, but the Riches of disinterested Benevolence; had no Ornament, but the Ornament of unspotted Purity: poor he was in his Circumstances, and mean in all his Accommodations; that WE might be rich in Grace, and “obtain Salvation with eternal Glory:” that WE might for ever inherit the new *Jerusalem*, that splendid City, whose Streets are paved with pure Gold, and the Walls garnished with all manner of precious Stones*.

YE gushing *Fountains*, that trickle potable Silver through the matted Grass: Ye fine transparent *Streams*, that glide, in crystal Waves, along your fringed Banks: Ye deep and stately *Rivers*, that wind and wander in your Course to spread your Favours wider; that gladden Kingdoms in your Progress, and augment the Sea with your Tribute;—He, who supplies all your Currents, from his own ever-flowing and inexhaustible Liberality; HE, when his Nerves were racked with exquisite Pain, and his

D Blood

Blood inflamed by a raging Fever, cried, I THIRST; and (O! unparalleled Hardship!) was denied, in his great Extremity, the poor Refreshment of a single Drop of Water:—That We, having all Sufficiency in all Things, might abound to every good Work Here; and, Hereafter might be filled with all the Fulness of GOD, and “drink of his Pleasures, as out of a River.”

YE *Birds*, chearful Tenants of the Bough, gayly dressed in glossy Plumage; who wake the Morn, and solace the Groves, with your artless Lays: Surprising Architects, who without Rule or Line, build your pensile Structures with inimitable Niceness: You have each his commodious Nest, roofed with Shades, and lined with Warmth, to protect and cherish the callow Brood:—But He, who tuned your Throats to Harmony, and taught You that curious Skill; HE was “a Man acquainted with Grief,” and had not where to lay his Head; had not where to lay his Head, till He felt the Pangs of Dissolution, and was laid in the silent Grave:—That We, dwelling under the Wings of Omnipotence, and resting in the Bosom of infinite Love, might spend an harmonious Eternity in “singing the Song of *Moses*, and of the LAMB.”

Bees, industrious Workmen; that sweep, with busy Wing, the flowery Garden; and search the blooming Heath; and sip the millifluous Dews: Strangers to Idleness, that ply, with incessant Assiduity, your pleasing Task; and suffer no opening Blossom to pass unexplored, no sunny Gleam to slip away unimproved: most ingenious Artificers, that cling to the fragrant Buds, and, with your nice inserted Tubes, probe them to the very Bottom; drain them of their treasured Sweets; and extract even the odoriferous Souls of Herbs, and Plants,
and

A Descant upon CREATION. **SE**

and Flowers:—You, when you have completed your Work; collected, refined, and securely lodged the ambrosial Stores; and might reasonably expect the peaceful Fruition of your Acquisitions; You, alas! are barbarously destroyed, and leave your hoarded Delicacies to others: leave them to be enjoyed by your very Murderers. I cannot but pity your hard Destiny!—How, then, should my Bowels melt with Sympathy, and Eyes flow with Tears*; when I remember, that *thus, thus* it fared with your and our incarnate Maker †! After a Life of the most exemplary and useful Piety; a Life, filled with Offices of Beneficence, and Labours of Love; HE was, by wicked Hands, crucified and slain: He left the Honey of his Toil, the Balm of his Blood, and the Riches of his Obedience, to be shared among Others: to be shared even among Those, who too often crucify Him afresh, and put Him to open Shame.

SHALL I mention the Animal, that *spins* her soft, her shining, her exquisitely fine *silken* Thread? Whose matchless Manufactures lend an Ornament to Grandeur, and make Royalty itself more magnificent.—Shall I take notice of the Cell, in which, when the Gaiety and Business of Life are over, the little Recluse immures herself, and spends the Remainder of her Days in Retirement?—Shall I rather observe the Sepulchre, which, when cloyed with Pleasure, and weary of the World, she prepares for her own Interment; or how, when a stated Period is elapsed, She awakes from a Death-like Inactivity; breaks the Inclosure of her Tomb; throws

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off

* Canst Thou, ungrateful Man, his Torments see,
Nor drop a Tear for HIM, who *pour'd* his Blood for
Thee? PITT'S Poems, Octavo.

† No one, I hope, will be offended at my introducing, on *such* an Occasion, Creatures of so low a Rank.
Since

off the dusky Shroud ; assumes a new Form ; puts on a more sumptuous Array ; and, from an Insect creeping on the Ground, becomes a winged Inhabitant of the Air ?—No : this is a poor *Reptile* ; and therefore unworthy to serve as an Illustration, when any Character of the Son of GOD comes under Consideration. But—let me correct myself. Was not CHRIST (to use the Language of his own blessed Spirit) “ a *Worm*, and no Man * ?” Did He not also bequeath the fine Linen of his own most perfect Righteousness, to compose the Marriage-garment † for

Since, even the Volumes of Inspiration seem to lend me the Sanction of their sacred Authority. As they disdain not to compare the blessed JESUS to a *Door*, a *Highway*, &c. And, perhaps, all Comparisons, which respect a Being of infinite Dignity, are not only mean, but equally mean and unworthy.

I am sensible, likewise, that in this Paragraph, and some others all the Circumstances are not completely correspondent. But if, in some grand Particulars, the *Raddition* answers to the *Description* ; this, I trust, will be sufficient for my Purpose, and satisfactory to my Readers.—Perhaps, it would be no mistaken Caution, to apply the same Observation to many of the beautiful Similitudes, Parables, and Allegories, used by our LORD ; such as the *brazen Serpent*, the *unjust Steward*, the *Thief in the Night*, &c. Which, if scrupulously sifted, or rigorously strained, for an intire Coincidence in every Circumstance, must appear to great Disadvantage, and lead into palpable Inconveniencies.

* Psalm xxii. 6.

† This, and several other Hints, interspersed in the Two Volumes, refer to the *active* and *passive* Righteousness of CHRIST, imputed to Believers, for their Justification. Which, in the Opinion of many great Expositors, is the mystical and the most sublime Meaning of the *Wedding-Garment*, so emphatically and forcibly recommended by the Teacher sent from GOD, *Matt.* xxii. 11. A Doctrine, which Some of Those who honour my Meditations with a Perusal, probably, may not receive with much,

for our naked Souls? Did He not, before his Flesh saw Corruption, emerge triumphant from the Grave; and mount not the lower Firmament only, but ascend the highest Heavens; taking Possession of those immortal Mansions, in our Name, and as our Forerunner?

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much, if any, Approbation. I hope, the *whole* Performance will not be cashiered, for *one* Difference in Sentiment: and I beg, that the Sentiment itself may not hastily be rejected, without a serious Hearing. For, I have the Pleasure of being intimately acquainted with a Gentleman of good Learning, and distinguished Sense, who had *once* as strong Prepossessions *against* this Tenet, as can well be imagined. Yet *now*, not only admits it, as a Truth; but embraces it, as the Joy of his Heart; and cleaves to it, as the Rock of his Hopes. A clear and cogent Treatise, intitled *Submission to the Righteousness of God*, was the Instrument of removing his Prejudices, and reducing Him to a better Judgment.—In which He has been happily confirmed, by the Authority of the most *illustrious* Names, and the Works of the most *eminent* Pens, that have ever adorned our Church and Nation. In this Number, are—Bishop *Jewel*, one of our great Reformers; and the other venerable Compilers of our Homilies;—Archbishop *Usher*, that Oracle of universal Learning;—Bishop *Hall*, the devout and sprightly Orator of his Age;—the copious and fervent Bishop *Hopkins*;—the singularly good and unaffected Bishop *Beveridge*;—that everlasting Honour of the Bench of Judicature, Lord Chief Justice *Hales*;—the nervous, florid, and persuasive Dean *Stanhope*;—the practical and perspicuous Mr. *Burkit*;—and, to summon no other Evidence, that *matchless* Genius *Milton*; who, in various Parts of his divine Poem, inculcates this *comfortable* Truth; and, in *one* Passage, represents it under the very same Image, made use of above. *Book x. l. 222*. I had almost forgot to mention, that the Treatise intitled *Submission*, &c. was written by Mr. *Benjamin Jenks*; whose Book of Devotions has deservedly passed through *Eleven* Editions; and is truly admirable for the Sublimity, Spirituality,

YE *Cattle*, that rest in your inclosed Pastures ;
 YE *Beasts*, that range the ample Forest ; YE *Fish*,
 that rove through trackless Paths of the Sea : *Sheep*,
 clad in Garments, which, when left by You, are
 wore by Kings ; *Kine*, who feed on Verdure,
 which, transmuted in your Bodies, and strained
 from your Udders, furnishes a Repast for Queens ;
Lions, roaring after your Prey ; and *Leviathan*,
 taking your Pastime in the great Deep : with all
 that climb the Hills, or creep the Vales ; all that
 wing the Firmament, or tread the Soil, or swim
 the Wave :—He, who spreads his ever-hospitable
 Board ; who admits You all to be his continual
 Guests ; and suffers You to want no manner of
 Thing that is Good :—HE was destitute, afflicted,
 tormented ; endured all that was miserable and re-
 proachful ; in order to exalt a degenerate Race,
 who had debased themselves to a Level with the
 Beasts that perish, to Seats of most distinguished
 Honour ; in order to introduce the Slaves of Sin,
 and Heirs of Hell, into consummate and everlasting
 Bliss.

SURELY, the Contemplation of such a Subject,
 and the distant Anticipation of such a Hope, may
 almost turn Earth into Heaven, and make even in-
 animate Nature vocal in Praise. Let it, then,
 break forth from every Creature. Let the *meanest*,
 feel the inspiring Impulse ; let the *greatest*, ac-
 knowledge themselves unable, worthily to express
 the stupendous Goodness.—Praise HIM, ye *Insects* ;
 that crawl on the Ground ; who though high above
 all Height, humbled Himself to dwell in Dust.—
Bleat out, ye Valleys ; let broader *Lows* be respon-
 sive

Spirituality, and Propriety of the Sentiments ; as well as
 for the pathetic Turn of Expression, with which they
 are clothed.

five from the Hills ; ye *Forests* catch, and ye *Rocks* retain, the inarticulate Hymn ; for the great and good Shepherd, disdained not to be born in the Stable, and, with frequent Step, to retire into the Desert.—*Birds* of the Air, waft on your Wings, and warble in your Notes, HIS Praise ; who, though LORD of the celestial Abodes, while sojourning on Earth, wanted a Shelter, commodious as your Nests.—Ye *rougher* World of *Brutes*, join with the gentle Songsters of the Shade, and howl to HIM your hoarse Applause ; who breaks the Jaw-bones of the infernal Lion ; who softens into Mildness the savage Disposition ; and bids the Wolf lie down, in amicable Agreement, with the Lamb.—Wave, ye stately *Cedars*, in Sign of Worship, wave your branching Heads to HIM ; who meekly bowed his own, on the accursed Tree.—Breathe balmy Incense, ye blooming Flowers, to the incarnate Mystery ; who, though his Name be, Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty GOD, and the Prince of Peace ; yet vouchsafes to be called the Rose of *Sharon*, and the Lily of the Valleys.—*Pleasing Prospects*, Scenes of Beauty, where nicest Art conspires with lavish Nature, to form a Paradise below ; lay forth all your Charms, and in all your Charms confess yourselves a mere Blank ; compared with HIS Amiability, who “ is fairest among Ten thousand, “ and altogether lovely.” Drop down, ye gentle *Showers* and testify, as You fall ; O ! testify of HIS Grace, which descends more copiously than the Rain, distills more sweetly than the Dew.—Let sighing *Gales* breathe, and murmuring *Rivulets* flow ; flow, in harmonious Consonance, to HIM ; whose Spirit, is far more reviving, than the cooling Breeze ; who is himself the Fountain of living Waters.—Ye *Lightnings*, blaze to HIS Honour ; ye *Thunders*, sound HIS Praise ; while reverberating *Clouds* return the Roar, and bellowing *Oceans* propagate

pagate the tremendous Anthem: *Muteſt* of Creatures, in ſilent Oratory diſplay the Triumphs of HIS Meekneſs; who, amidſt the moſt provoking Inſults, was “dumb, and opened not his Mouth.”

—Great *Source of Day*, addreſs thy radiant Homage to a far ſublimar Sun; write in all thy ample Round, with every lucid Seam, O! write HIS Praise; whoſe Word, accompanied with his Spirit, ſheds brighter Light, and more exhilarating Rays, through the Mind.—Shine clear, ye *Skies*; look gay, thou *Earth*; let every Creature ſmile; for, by the Appearance of the Sun of Righteouſneſs, Peace is made with Heaven, and Joy come down to dwell on Earth.—*Angels and Archangels*, let your Songs be of JESUS, and teach the Heaven of Heavens to echo with his honoured Name: Ye beheld Him, with greater Transports of Admiration, when you attended his Agony in the Garden, and ſaw Him proſtrate on the Ground; than when You beheld univerſal Nature riſing at his Call, and ſaw the Wonders of creating Might: Tune, tune to loſtieuſt Notes your golden Harps, and waken Raptures, unknown before even in heavenly Breasts: while all that has Breath, ſwells the ſacred Concert, and burſts into a boundleſs Peal of Melody.

CHIEFLY, let *Man* exalt his Voice; let Man, with diſtinguiſhed Hoſannas, hail the REDEEMER. For Man, He was ſtretched upon the racking Croſs; for Man, He was conſigned to the gloomy Sepulchre.—However *different*, therefore, in your Age, or more different in your Circumſtances, be *unanimous* in magnifying a Saviour, who is no Reſpector of Perſons; who gave himſelf a Ransom for all:—Bend, ye *Kings*, from your Thrones of Ivory and Gold; in your Robes of Imperial Purple, fall proſtrate at HIS Feet; who forſook a nobler Throne, and laid aſide more illuſtrious Enſigns of
Majeſty,

Majesty ; that You might reign with GOD for ever and ever.—*Children of Poverty*, meanest of Mortals (if any can be call'd poor, who are thus enriched ; if any can be accounted mean, who are thus ennobled) ; rejoice, greatly rejoice in GOD your Saviour ; who chose to be indigent, chose to be contemned ; that You might be intitled to the Treasures, and be numbered with the Princes, of Heaven.—*Sons of Affliction*, though harrassed with Pain, and inured to Anguish, O ! change your Groans into Songs of Gratitude ; let no complaining Voice, no jarring String be heard, in the universal Symphony ; but *glorify* the LAMB even in the Fires ; who himself bore greater Torment, than You feel ; and has promised You a Share in the Joy, He inherits ; who has made your Sufferings short, and will make your Rest eternal.—*Men of hoary Locks*, bending beneath a Weight of Years, and tottering on the Brink of the Grave ; let CHRIST be your Support, under all Infirmities ; lean upon CHRIST, as the Rock of your Salvation ; let his Name, his precious Name, form the last Accents, that quiver on your pale expiring Lips : and let this be the first, that lisps on your Tongues, ye tender *Infants* : remember your REDEEMER in your earliest Moments : devote the Choice of your Hours to the learning of his Will, and the Chief of your Strength to the glorifying of HIS Name ; who, in the Perfection of Health, and the very Prime of Manhood, was content to become a motionless and ghastly Corpse ; that You might be girt with the Vigour, and cloathed with the Bloom, of immortal Youth.

YE *Spirits of just Men made perfect*, who are released from the Burden of the Flesh ; and freed from all the vexatious Sollicitations, of Corruption in Yourselfes ; delivered from all the dreadful Effects, of Iniquity in Others : Who sojourn no longer in
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the Tents of Strife, or the Territories of Disorder ; but are received into that pure, harmonious, holy Society, where no ungenerous Action creates outward Irregularity, no suspicious Jealousies breed inward Disaffection ; where every one acts up to his amiable and exalted Character ; where God himself is pleased *graciously* and *immediately* to preside. — You find, not without pleasing Astonishment, your Hopes improved into actual Enjoyment, and your Faith delightfully superseded by the Beatific Vision : You feel all your former Shyness of Behaviour, happily lost in the Overflowings of unbounded Love ; and all your little Differences of Opinion, intirely overwhelmed in the Tides of invariable Truth : Bless, therefore, with all your enlarged Powers, bless *His* infinitely larger Goodness ; who, when he had overcome the Sharpness of Death, opened the Gates of Paradise, opened the Kingdom of Heaven, to all Generations, and to every Denomination, of the Faithful.

YE Men of *holy* Conversation, and *humble* Tempers, think of HIM, who *loved You, and washed You from your Sins in his own Blood* : think of Him, on your silent Couch ; talk of Him, in every social Interview : glory in his Excellencies ; make your boast of his Obedience ; and add, still continue to add, the Music of a dutiful Life, to all the Oblations of a grateful Tongue. — *Weakest* of *Believers*, who go mourning under a Sense of Guilt, and conflicting with the ceaseless Assaults of Temptation ; O ! put off your Sack-cloth, and be girded with Gladness. Because, JESUS, is as merciful to hear, as He is mighty to help. Because, He knows your Integrity, amidst all your Failings ; He is touched with the tenderest sympathizing Concern, for all your Distresses ; and He lives, ever lives, to be your *Advocate* with the FATHER. — Why then should uneasy Doubts, sadden your Countenances ? Why should
desponding.

desponding Fears, oppress your Souls? Turn, turn those disconsolate Sighs into chearful Hymns; since you have his *powerful Intercession*, his *inestimable Merits*, to be your Anchor in all Tribulations, to be your Passport into eternal Blessedness.—Above all, O Ye *Ministers* of the *Sanctuary*; Heralds commissioned from above; lift, every One, his Voice like a Trumpet, and loudly proclaim the REDEEMER. Get Ye up, Ye Ambassadors of Peace, get Ye up into the high Mountains; and spread far and wide the Honours of the LAMB, “that was slain, “but is alive for evermore.” Teach every sacred Roof, to resound with his Fame; and every human Heart, to glow with his Love. Declare, as far as the Force of Words will go, declare the inconceivable Richness, of that atoning Blood; whose Merits are commensurate with the Glories of the DIVINITY *. Tell the sinful Wretch, what Pity yearns in IMMANUEL’s Bowels; and *what*, the compassionate High-Priest, has done for his Soul. Invites
the

* If in this Place, and others, I have spoken magnificently of the Blood of CHRIST, and it’s unknown Efficacy to expiate Guilt; I think, it is no more than is express’d, in a very celebrated Hymn; written by one of the greatest *Wits*, who had also been one of the greatest *Libertines*, and afterwards commenced one of the most remarkable *Penitents*, in *France*. A Hymn, which even Mr. *Bayle* confesses to be a *very fine* one; which another great Critic calls an *admirable* one; and which, a Genius superior to them both, recommends as a *noble* one (See *Spect.* Vol. VII. N^o 513.)

The Author, having acknowledged his Crimes to be, beyond Measure heinous, and almost beyond Forgiveness provoking;——so provoking, as to render even Tears from such Eyes offensive, and Prayers from such Lips abominable:——composes himself to submit, without the least repining Sentiment; to submit, even with Praise and Adoration, to the most dreadful Doom. Accordingly, He stands in resigned Expectation, of being
instantly

the Indigent, to become rich; intreat the Guilty, to accept of Pardon; because, in the crucified JESUS is Fulness of Grace and All-sufficiency to save.—While You, placed in conspicuous Stations, pour the joyful Sound; may I, as I steal through the Vale of humble Life, catch the pleasing Accents! For *me*, the Author of all Blessings became a Curse: for me, his Bones were dislocated, and his Flesh was torn: He hung, with streaming Veins, and an agonizing Soul, on the Cross, for *me*. O! may I, in my little Sphere, and amidst the scanty Circle of my Acquaintance, at least whisper these glad transporting Tidings; whisper them from my own Heart, that they may surely reach, and sweetly penetrate theirs.

BUT, when Men and Angels raise the grand Hymn; when all Worlds, and all Beings, add their *collective* Acclamations, and unite in harmonious Gratitude;—this full, fervent, and universal Chorus, will be so *inferior* to the Riches of the REDEEMER'S Grace; so *disproportionate* to the Magnificence of his Glory; that it will seem but to *debase*, the unutterable Theme, it attempts to exalt: the loud Hallelujah will *die away*, in the solemn mental Eloquence of prostrate, rapturous, *silent* Adoration.

*Oh Goodness infinite! Goodness immense!
And Love that passeth Knowledge!—Words
are vain;*

Language is lost in Wonders so divine.

*Come then, expressive SILENCE, muse his
Praise.*

instantly struck by the Bolts of Vengeance: but—with a Turn of Thought, equally surprising and sprightly; with a Faith properly founded, and happily firm; adds,

Yet where! O where! *can* even thy Thunders fall?
CHRIST'S Blood o'erpreads and shields me from
them *all*.

F I N I S.